UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Does America Need a New Conscience?

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

A Note on Things and Ideals

By JAMES H. HART

Chasing the Spring

By HELEN SWIFT NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVI MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1925 NUMBER 13

"I believe that everybody, including the rich themselves, would be infinitely happier in a world where no poverty existed, where no hateful sights and sounds met the eye at every turn, where all slums were swept away, and where everybody had their just and even share of pleasures and refinements in a free and equal community. I believe that such a system is perfectly practicable and that nothing stands in its way save the selfish fears and prejudices of individuals."

—Grant Allen.

New subscriptions are coming in! Some of our readers are subscribing for friends, but one or two others have *sent us the money for subscriptions with the request that we find the new subscribers!* Can there be any lovelier way of celebrating Christmas than this? We know where to place such gifts. Here is a woman in Boston, known to us personally, who was obliged to give up UNITY because she could not spare the three dollars to pay for it. Here is a young man in New York, also known to us, who begs for old stray copies of the paper because he has not a cent to spend for magazines. These are only two examples of many with whom we are personally acquainted or whose stories are on record in our files. Can anything make you happier on Christmas morning than the knowledge that you have placed UNITY for a year in the hands of a man or woman of this kind? Send us your three dollars and let us act as your Santa Claus!

On December 17th begins in the Senate the long-anticipated debate on the entrance of the United States into the World Court of International Justice. That this will be a great debate we have no question. The rules of the Senate insure this, despite whatever fussings and fumings on the part of the Vice-President. We believe that it will be the most memorable debate since the ever-memorable debate on the League of Nations, and one of the most notable in all the country's history. Recollection of the League discussion may well be wholesome at this time, for then as now, in the case of the League as in the case of the Court, the debate was begun with every expectation that the nation would be voted into membership, and ended with the utter rout of this proposal. What happened was the meeting of mere sentiment, as voiced by Wilson enthusiasts, with solid fact and irrefutable reason, as voiced by the irreconcileables, headed by the mighty Borah. Never in the history of America, not even in the anti-slavery days, was there a more momentously impressive instance of public education by public discussion. The mind of the nation was changed, and the League program defeated. The same result, by the same process, is likely to be achieved in the impending debate in the Court, if the same methods are followed by its proponents. Today on the Court, as yesterday on the League, the advocates of membership are marshalling mere sentiment. The churches, the colleges, women's clubs, public mass meetings, etc., are being mightily stirred by vague appeals to peace idealism to support the Court. Against this flood of noble but ignorant fervor stands Senator Borah, armed with the enormous power of his official position as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, equipped with his superb ability as a lawyer, orator and creative statesman, convinced of the ineffectiveness of the existing Court to accomplish any works of peace, stirred by the vision of the opportunity now before America to use her present strategic influence to lead the world to a peace that shall endure. Senator Borah has the facts, the prophetic vision to understand these facts, the intellectual power to interpret them, the political position to use them. In spite of all signs to the contrary, the campaign for the Court is doomed to failure unless conducted on very different lines from those forecasted at this hour.

What is needed, in the fight for the Court, is not any abandonment by the champions of the international tribunal of their passionate idealism, but a study of the facts referred to above, and a statesmanlike adjustment to these facts. A mere flouting of Mr. Borah, a contemptuous scorn of his position, a fierce denunciation or ribald ridicule of his arguments, will get us nowhere. He sees, and has the ability to make the people of the country see, that the World Court is a mere adjunct of the League of Nations—that it is not a real court—that it has no law under which to function, no absolute and affirmative jurisdiction over the disputes of nations—that it is a mere repetition, along slightly improved lines, of the existing Hague Court, to which we already belong—that to join this second similar court is only to raise expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and thus prepare the way for further disillusionment. If Senator Borah stopped with this purely negative criticism, he would be amply justified. But, in spite of the slanders of his enemies, he does nothing of the kind. He presents a program for a real court, which shall be an independent tribunal, clothed with real judicial powers, acting under a code of law whose basic statute is the outlawry of war as an international crime. Senator Borah, in other words, so far from hanging back and

striving to keep America out of European endeavors for peace, is in favor of going much farther than any World Court advocate has yet suggested. He believes in doing a complete job, and thus forestalling all possibility of disappointment and defeat. But his plan is Quixotic, say the champions of the existing Court. It is this Court, as it stands today, or nothing. To which the simple answer is that this is not true! Last summer, as our readers will remember, a remarkable program was worked out by World Court advocates on the one hand and Outlawry of War advocates on the other, on the basis of which entrance into the present Court could be secured and used as an open door to the very proposals laid down by Senator Borah as the one sure basis of durable peace. We have no need to discuss the details of this program over again. We would simply say that, if the World Court fight is to be won at all, it must be by the adoption of this compromise proposal.

The more we think of the Italian settlement on the debt question, the madder we get. The sheer indecency of the thing—especially the indecency of the refusal of the newspapers to let the people know what is going on! Just look at the spectacle! The Italian Commission came to this country to consider a debt amounting to a round two billion (2,000,000,000) dollars. They reveal the dreadful state of Italy—the budget is not balanced, the lira is falling, the crops are poor, food and fuel must be imported, the people unaided by an adequate industrial system must wrest a hard subsistence from nature by bitter toil. This gigantic debt simply cannot be paid. Nothing was said of this when the money was borrowed from American tax-payers, of course, but now the truth must be told. And the American Commissioners, deeply moved by this touching tale, remit seventy-five per cent of the amount owed. They throw away, in other words, $1,500,000,000 belonging to you and me. The next day after this happy arrangement, the head of the Italian Commission goes to New York and interviews the head of the house of Morgan—Italy wants to borrow $100,000,000. Is she good security? Oh, my!—no security could be better. Her debt has just been settled by the United States government, the lira has been stabilized, the budget is balanced, crops were never better, everything is lovely. So Morgan hands over a loan of $100,000,000. And then what does Italy do? With this loan she pays a debt to Morgan and Company of $50,000,000, in full, with interest at just a fraction under eight per cent, and with several million dollars commission. No deduction of seventy-five per cent of the principal here, no cancellation of interest, no extension of payments over sixty-two years! Just cash down on the regular terms, and that's that! Morgan gets his money, in other words, thanks to the United States *not* getting *its* money. That is, the people of this country—you, and I and others—pay the Morgan bill. And a few nights later Mr. Lamont, of the Morgan house, in a public speech, denounces the "last-red-centers," as he calls them, who object to the debt settlements. And all the time we remember, if we be not fools, that the President's chief adviser is none other than Dwight Morrow, of this same house of Morgan. Talk about indecency! Nothing more scandalous has ever been perpetrated than this Italian settlement. And the newspapers tell us nothing.

How the ghosts did walk on the days following the death of Queen Alexandra! First, Victoria—in spite of all the Stratchey strictures, the majestic center of the most glorious age in English history. Then Edward, Prince of Wales, gay, careless, popular, lover of life, friend of Lily Langtry; and Edward, *Rex et Imperator,* friend of France, enemy of Germany, amateur diplomat, and one of the makers of the Great War. Then the Duke of Clarence, heir to the throne, dead on his wedding eve; and Mary, his fiancée, transferred promptly to the new heir, George, in turn Prince of Wales and King. Then Tennyson, poet laureate, welcomer of Alexandra to English shores with the sounding lines of his great ode—

> "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
> Alexandra!
> Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
> Alexandra."

Then the long line of British statesmen—Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, Rosebery, Campbell-Bannerman, Balfour, Asquith. How glorious the pageant that marches by—ghosts of the days dead and gone forever! For Alexandra, Edward's Queen, was a kind of phantom link that bound together the past and the present. The Victorian age seems as definitely historic today as the Elizabethan age. Its epilogue, a thing of shadows and echoes, was the reign of Edward VII. Then came the Georgian period, marked in the beginning by strange stirrings and confusions, then suddenly engulfed by the vast cataclysm of the Great War, then emerging as a new age of reconstruction and revolution. Who can measure the distance between Palmerson, Lord John Russell, the Prince Consort, and Baldwin, J. Ramsay MacDonald, Margaret Bondfield? Yet Alexandra spanned this aeon, the radiant Princess who married the Crown Prince in 1863, and at last the aged Queen Mother who went to her grave in 1925! It takes one's breath away to think of the changes in the lifetime of this one royal personage. And, surveyed through the span of this one career, is it not progress and promise that we see?

What does man know? What shall he believe? Take this matter of heredity, for example, now under such vigorous public discussion! Here, on the one hand, are the *Eugenists,* who declare that heredity means

everything. What we are, in physical efficiency, mental power, moral character, in all our traits, aptitudes, and abilities, depends upon what we inherit from our ancestors. Our "stock" is the basic factor. Some stock is bad, some good, and that's the end of it. Nothing that we can do in the way of education, training, environmental influence can avail anything, once a child is born with certain blood flowing in his veins. Read Wiggam's recent books, "The New Decalogue of Science" and "The Fruit of the Family Tree," the best popular statements of this viewpoint, and see how utterly useless—nay, how positively dangerous—it is, to trust to educational influences and social changes for the salvation of the race. It's right breeding, or nothing! Here, on the other hand, however, are the *Behaviorists,* who laugh at heredity as a superstition, and lay supreme emphasis upon training, or "learned behavior," as they call it. Instincts, aptitudes, talents, character, there are no such things, so far as native content is concerned; all these are acquired as a part simply of man's outward behavior in adjustment to environment. See how Professor John B. Watson puts it in his lectures on "Behaviorism"! "There is no such thing," he says, "as an inheritance of capacity, talent, temperament, mental constitution and characistics" (page 69). Again, "Habit formation starts in all probability in embryonic life, and even in the human young environment shapes behavior so quickly that all of the older ideas about what types of behavior are inherited and what are learned break down" (page 73). Again, "We have no real evidence of the inheritance of traits. I would feel perfectly confident in the ultimately favorable outcome of careful upbringing of a healthy, well-formed baby born of a long line of crooks, murderers and thieves, and prostitutes" (page 75). What are we to think, in such a dilemma as this? What do we know, anyhow? Is there any refuge except in the sublime faith that Truth never is, but always to be, found?

Speaking of Behaviorists, it is fascinating to note the whirligigs of opinion that are being produced by this new and revolutionary school of psychologists. Take one example that is interesting us particularly at the moment! The founders of our Republic, as we all remember, built their political philosophy on the concept that "all men are created equal." This declaration was for a hundred years or so the slogan of our democracy. Then came its flat denial by scholars, statesmen, intelligentsia generally, who claimed to have discovered that men are *not* "created equal." For a quarter of a century, now, this equalitarian idea has been ridiculed and denounced as an amiable superstition of the 18th century. Men come into this world with widely different intellectual, emotional, moral and spiritual equipment. Some are geniuses and some are dolts; some have aptitudes for music, poetry, learning, others aptitudes for nothing but stolid physical labor; some are self-controlled, others unstable and erratic; some are honest, virtuous, idealistic, others given to every criminal propensity imaginable. Men, in other words, are *not* "created equal," and any system of government founded upon this idea is destined sooner or later to perish. Such is the new dogma of our time — with its corollary, now being presented feverishly in such widely-read books as those of Lothrop Stoddard, William McDougal, William C. Abbot, et al., that we must have resort to some form of mental and moral aristocracy. And the liberals and radicals have nothing to say except feebly to explain that "the founding fathers" meant human equality in the sense not that men *are* equal in inward quality but *should* be equal in outward opportunity. And now comes the whirligig! For our Behaviorists are rising up to declare that our forefathers were not sentimentally amiable but scientifically sound when they laid down the proposition that "all men are created equal," and founded a new nation thereon! Listen to Professor Watson—

> In the case of man . . . all healthy individuals . . . start out *equal.* . . . (These) words appear in our far-famed Declaration of Independence. The signers of that document were nearer right than one might expect, considering their dense ignorance of psychology. They would have been strictly accurate had the clause, "at birth," been inserted after the word "equal." It is what happens after birth that makes one a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, another a diplomat, a thief, a successful business man or a far-famed scientist. ("Behaviorism," page 212.)

So here is full-circle again! We are back where we started. Our democratic idealists were and are right. Now what have alarmists of the Stoddard and McDougal type got to say?

Jottings

We don't wonder that our government is afraid of Soviet Russia. Here the Supreme Court at Leningrad has just imposed death sentences upon twelve former government officials for misappropriation of state property. Think of what a massacre there would be in this country if any such practice as this were adopted!

M. Briand has organized another French Cabinet. He will do well if his Cabinet holds office long enough for this note to be printed.

What has become of the prosecution of Senator Wheeler? Is the Department of Justice ashamed to pursue its villainy further, or is the Department hold-

ing its untried indictment as a club over the Senator's head, to keep him quiet in the present session of Congress? If the former, we are mistaking the Department; if the latter, the Department is mistaking the Senator.

Watch Mussolini! The modern world has never seen a more perfect drama of force. If this Italian autocrat is not himself sooner or later overthrown by the very force to which he makes appeal on his own behalf, then the lesson of all the ages is for naught.

It is a heartening thing to see the early Shaw plays being revived in New York by the Theatre Guild, and received with rapturous acclaim by great audiences. G. B. S. is standing the test of time, which is as sure a test as we have of immortality.

Mr. P. W. Wilson writes in the New York *Times* of the new Viceroy of India, as follows:

> Mr. Wood has written a life of John Keble, saint of the Oxford Movement and author of well-known hymns. The Viceroy is *thus* a man of deep piety and lofty character.

We offer this as a candidate for first prize in the *non sequitur* contest. J. H. H.

Does America Need a New Conscience?

As a general proposition this question demands a yes, because every human being or institution that is alive and growing is everlastingly being challenged by moral issues upon which new light is sought and new ethical judgments are passed. Now and again, however, to men and nations there come crises as a result of which something radical, like a new birth, is either experienced or rejected. That we in America are facing such a situation where conscience, if it be true to its ideals, must register a fresh dynamic is the conviction which such an educational venture as the Eddy Seminar just ended made very clear to its members, while messages from the Institutes on Foreign Affairs at Williamstown, Honolulu, Olivet, Chautauqua and elsewhere, to say nothing of the score or more of special fellowship tours to Europe the past summer have broadcasted like impressions over the whole country. Out of many questions of large import upon which conscientious convictions and their clear enunciation are needed in our country three of most vital insistence emerged as a result of first-hand study directed by the group of leading actors in the drama of European political and social life whom the Eddy Seminarians were privileged to hear and to catechize.

First then America needs a new conscience upon the problem presented by the war debts owed to her by her allies. To the ordinary man in Britain, France and Germany, oppressed by taxes inconceivably burdensome, the Government of the United States appears to be a Shylock. This characterization is a common one, heard everywhere. America came late into the struggle, suffered losses of human life very small in comparison with their own, grew rich with war profiteering while they literally in vast numbers lost everything. Her expenditures were large in dollars. Her loans to her allies were in the form of credits, mostly spent in America for war supplies, upon contracts for which Americans made huge sums of money. Europe lost lives that cannot be recalled, but America wants her specific contribution, that of dollars, back again, though it is costing the larger life of her debtors to repay it. Why is not America willing to allow her infinitely less valuable monetary sacrifice to remain her sacrifice as Europe is forced to do with her sacrifice of life, instead of grinding down the millions of Europe's working people not only of today but of two succeeding generations by demanding the return of her money? Like Shylock she is asking in reality not dollars but the very flesh and blood of England and France and incidentally of Germany. These peoples are not whining over it. We heard not one word of complaint in all our sessions. Nothing appeared but the grim determination to repay us even though it cost the economic life of the land. But you cannot hide a universal conviction and it is impossible to change one based as this is on the reality of the Shylock nature of America's determination to make Europe pay when Europe is on the verge of collapse.

Only a few days ago one of the great heads of Britain's shipbuilding and engineering industry in an open letter to the Premier said, "The number of our unemployed or partially unemployed is not less than 12½ percent of the working population of men and boys. Dividends on our railways, and in most of our industries, are being paid out of reserves or have ceased. Capital which is needed to maintain industries and provide wages is dwindling. There is no improvement in sight." Economic conditions in that country, where more than 1,300,000 are receiving doles instead of opportunity to work, are hopeless; and yet that virile people grit their teeth and vow to pay us their debt at the cost of their economic existence. But what meantime do they think of America's willingness amid her incalculable wealth and mounting prosperity to continue to drain the blood of the closest relative she has in the human family.

France in reality is little better off. The economies her people have to practice are heartbreaking. She has parried off unemployment by engaging large numbers in reconstruction work. But this is nearly completed and then her fight with unemployment will begin. In fixing terms of payment for our debtors the basis of ability to pay has been laid down and with this as a slogan the American people have been led into thinking that they have been generous. But one has only to live in Europe for a time to realize that even Shakespeare's immortal Jew is no exaggerated symbol for the insistence of the United States upon repayment. For Shylock had his Portia, but we have none unless it be that America's conscience can be roused to take the place of that incomparable judge.

We cannot too often be reminded that a large share of our loans to our allies was spent in our country for war munitions. On battlefield after battlefield our men were protected and their advances were covered by barrages the ammunition for which had been made in America and paid for by France's borrowings. This ammunition was fired by French marksmen from French guns because our men were not equal to handling them. The lives of our men were saved by that ammunition, repayment for which we are now demand-

ing from France. Is it any wonder that in quiet conversation over in France and Britain one gets a conception of how America is being regarded, not in denunciatory language or in heated speech, but as a deep-down, sober evaluation of American character? Have we any other than a legal right to the money we loaned our allies during the war? And does not every honorable, every conscientious consideration fight for our forgiveness of these debts in a manner which will bind our nation to its sister Powers in deeper friendship, enable France and England and Belgium to ease up on Germany's impossible load and at the same time secure the disarmament of the world? Can Christian America continue to pray "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" and justify our Government in its policy? Is not a new conscience toward our war debtors one of the most insistent demands that our Master is today making upon us?

For decades it has been clear to students of our political life that our policy of protection has been the greatest cause of corruption in our nation, but today this has gone beyond that and now menaces the prosperity of both Asia and Europe. Everyone conversant with the unspeakable business depression now prevailing in Japan knows that free trade between that country and our own would mean for our neighbor unexampled prosperity. It was perfectly clear in the countries visited by the Eddy Seminar that the effect of the protective tariff in the United States was making Europe the world's sweatshop. That for a season the adoption of free trade by our country would cause us considerable hardship is unquestionable, but wise anticipatory measures would largely counteract that hardship and the immediate relief to farmers especially and to all the people through the general lowering of prices, added to the enormous stimulation of foreign trade would usher in an era of vastly enhanced domestic prosperity. The effect upon the rest of the world would be like a miracle. Naturally the extension of freedom of trade to other nations would be conditioned upon the adoption of a like policy on their part. And the recent move of the Czechoslovakian statesman M. Benès shows how the preparation for this is already under way in Europe. With the leveling of our protective barriers the tariff walls that are cursing that continent would go and the world would enter upon an era of good times incalculable in extent. Europe's continued civilization is by no means assured. The chief fact in the human world today is still (or perhaps it should be said is more than ever) a gigantic question mark overhanging the future of the human race. America can guarantee the success of that future by leading the nations into the paradise of free trade in which our own group of States because of their ideal economic relationships have rejoiced and prospered ever since the adoption of the Federal constitution. Christian America needs to face this question of our dog in the manger protective policy as it affects the rest of the world, to recognize that if we make Europe the world's sweatshop and help keep China and Japan on the same low level, the resulting menace to civilization will react upon us with tremendous force. Altruism here is by all odds the only course that will save us. Our economic imperialism is keenly felt and condemned throughout Europe, Asia and South America. Can we afford to array the whole world against us by our unbrotherly policy of America for herself? Only a regnant and intelligent conscience upon this evil of protection will ever free us and the world from disaster.

It is well in this connection to recall the words of Sir Arthur Salter, one of the leading authorities upon the economic situation facing the world. In his article in the July *Yale Review* he says,

> A system of drastic and discriminatory tariffs, of impassable economic barriers along the line of political frontiers, linked closely with the political system which controls the use of military force, is of all systems the most dangerous.

Is not this an accurate picture of the United States standing today for the system that makes most surely for war? Our nation is of all her sister Powers, save perhaps Japan, the locus of the most determined efforts to make war impossible. The peace movement here must be the more aggressive because our protective tariff policy constitutes the greatest war-menacing factor in the world. Our peace advocates would do well to realize how closely dovetailed are this feature of our economic system and the war making forces. If we are determined in America to have peace let us rise and sweep away the most powerful friction-producing, divisive and strife-provoking force in our national life —the tariff.

The third objective for the American conscience is closer association with the rest of the world. The adherence in the immediate future of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice seems now to be assured. That will be a great step in advance and if our Government should insist, as Senator Borah has been understoood to champion, that our adherence be conditioned upon the acceptance by all nations of the clause binding them to submit to the Court every international dispute not composable by other peaceful means, our delay in entering the Court will have been fully justified. One of the surprises in Geneva was to find that the wisdom of the refusal of our nation to join the League of Nations was recognized and acknowledged by some of the leaders of the League's official personnel, who were frank enough to confess that the Covenant is too rigid and requires changes possible to be effected at the price of America's entry. Germany's desire to be relieved from the demands of Articles X and XVI in joining the League recalls the fact that the Senate of the United States at the very outset voted by decided but not by two-thirds majority to join the League and our nation was kept out solely by the unwillingness of President Wilson to agree to any Covenant changes. One frequently hears in Europe echoes of the demand that the League be made a League of Peoples and not dominated by the allied Governments as at present and America is looked to for help in enabling it to become as the French call it "The Society of the Nations" with a Covenant more on the lines of the British unwritten Constitution, freely amendable in response to the popular will, and less after the style of the hard and fast American Constitution so difficult to change. All of this is comforting to Americans who, notwithstanding their championship of a League of Nations years before the great war, have been forced to oppose their country's entry into the Geneva association with its intimate commitments to the Versailles treaty, its rigid constitution, and its basic principle of sanctions, that is in plainer speech peacemaking by force of arms, of which the world has had quite enough.

Again and again the word came to our Seminar that America would be welcomed by the League on her own

terms. Side by side with this declaration ran the oft expressed conviction that only America can save Europe. It is pathetic to hear this sentiment almost agonizingly voiced by all classes and in all the countries visited. It is impossible not to be stirred to the depths by the revelation of this naive faith in the power of our nation. It certainly lays upon us a tremendous weight of responsibility. "America can save Europe!" "America is the world's only hope!" Have we any right longer to hold aloof? Must we not in all conscience say to the League: "We will come in if you admit all of earth's nations, take out of your Covenant all reference to any peace-compelling force except public opinion, and make that Covenant responsive to the will of the Peoples of the world"?

Certainly it is a sobering revelation to come face to face with the responsibility which the development of the human race has laid upon the shoulders of our nation. All the story of the past ages is hinged to the decisions to be made by our people in the immediate future. We can if we will guarantee the peace and prosperity of the entire human family and we can damn to annihilation the experiment on this planet with the highest development of life known to us. There is surely a demand for a new consciousness of our power and of our duty and for a new conscience to move the nation's will to make the most of that power and to be true to that duty. DOREMUS SCUDDER.

Cannes, France.

Chasing the Spring

For four months we followed the spring. Early February found us in Paris, where the tiny crocuses, scylla and muscari formed splashes of color in the delicate green grass. The trunks of the willows gleamed gold, the chestnut trees were hung with ruby tassels waiting for their leaves to burst through. One could almost see the sap surging through the young maples, the dog-wood and barberry.

Twenty-four hours later we awoke in the Pyrenees. In the sheltered valleys the early tulips, hyacinths, laburnum, orange and lemon were in their first bloom. Olive branches, almost separated from the trees, sprawled across the rivers; these, too, were putting forth new growth. Here and there a wild plum or apple looked like a rose mist fluttering in the blue sky.

Spring had arrived when we reached Lisbon—but we were only certain of it from the appearance of the landscape. It drizzled and rained, both indoors and out, and was chilly and raw. Back of the rather ugly city—except its port—the rugged mountains were, in sheltered spots, brightened by huge patches of red, wild cyclamen—the first I had ever seen. They are just like the cultivated ones but smaller.

Only a few days later, at Gibraltar, we felt the warmth of the sun. Here the trees were all in leaf—the forsythia and acacia, indeed, in bloom. We felt that Spring had really come.

Algiers was almost hidden in rain when we arrived. We could dimly discern the landscape from the wharf; but, the following day, the sun shone gloriously—and warmly. What a delightful drive through the quaint old town, up into the hills beyond, where we lunched in the daintest and cleanest hotel imaginable and took our coffee in a garden bright with geraniums, iris and orange blossoms. The park through which we drove, at the back of the city, was beautiful in its garment of tender green vying with the dark or dusty green of palm and olive. Here the deep mauve of the Judas tree peeped at us and the apple buds were just bursting into pink.

Tunis was like a white opal set in a semi-circle of emeralds. Fresh wild violets were being sold in the streets and, amid the ruins of Carthage, we found gay patches of yellow and mauve and white wildflowers.

Athens—of course—is never again. Dusty and dreary it looked—only isolated patches of palms and olives—but here, too, on the Acropolis hill, we saw many wild flowers struggling through the crevices of the rock. The flower markets on the street-corners, however, were brilliant with spring flowers—tulips, daffodils, violets, iris.

When we reached Constantinople, the Seraglia peeped at us through great masses of green, but the rest of the city was dry and gray.

The irrigated parts of the Holy Land were fertile as the garden of Eden; in other parts arid and rocky and gray.

From Alexandria, along the Nile, the country was verdant. The gold of orange and lemon vied with the green of their glossy leaves. Here and there mimosa hung over the tall garden walls, iris blossomed about the doorsteps. The approach to Cairo was dazzling—the white city set in the sands was like a moonstone in a setting of gold.

How marvelous the colors of the desert; the gold and silver sands with particles of every hue; the silhouettes of the gray Pyramids outlined on the sand, the fantastic shadow of the Sphinx, quite ruddy the day we saw it—the dark clouds throwing their purple shadows across the golden sand! But to watch the night approach! What mystery, what joy, what awe, what reverence! To see the shadows lengthen, as the blue twilight deepens, until the universe seems merged into a perfect unity; then, perhaps, to watch the moon rise and to see the Pyramids gradually emerge, etched sharply against the blue horizon, almost persuading one that they are figments of the imagination; to watch the full moon mount higher and higher and fill earth and sky with a silver glory; to feel—almost to hear—the absolute silence, for there is no silence like unto the silence of the desert; these things are like any deep joy or sorrow—words cannot convey their depths.

We reached Naples the 20th of March and the flower sellers greeted us at the wharf with great baskets full of camellias, mimosa and violets. Here one seemed to catch the fragrance of spring. One felt it in the air, saw it in the bright care-free faces. One did not mind being charged twice the ordinary price for flowers by such jolly care-free robbers. Here we decided to remain for some time, to wander about as fancy dictated and certainly we drenched ourselves with the beauty of land and sea and sky. Our windows overlooked the bay. How well I remember the first evening there! Off to our right, calm Capri with the little village of Ana-Capri half way up her rugged slope. In front—across the bay—Castellemarc and the

curving shore, where Amalfi nestles, and the hills beyond where Sorrento hides:

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim
While on Vesuvius' misty brim
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Brown was the mountain—brown and bare and terrifying with its thin spire of smoke! The bay was blue, a blue so intense that it defies description.

As the sun set, off to the right, its rosy light seemed to linger on the top of Vesuvius, then slowly descended the mountain side, touching the observatory with a gleam of silver, caress the little crescent shaped village on the shore at Vesuvius' base, and turn the bay gradually to robins-egg blue, with great splashes of purple and gold and rose.

The trip to Pompeii was like a journey through an enchanted garden: tall straggling pines and spreading cypresses made a fitting background for groves of oranges and lemons; the fragrance and beauty of blossoms and the golden fruit bringing delight to our nostrils and eyes. Tiny hamlets, almost hidden in fruit orchards just bursting into mauve glory; the yellow of the acacia and the blue of wistaria; the silver fig-tree just bursting into golden leaf; wild flowers nodding in the crevices of rocks; old ruins half overgrown with vines and brambles; a rare memory, as the glorious sun scattered its benediction over all!

During the fortnight spent here we watched the fruit buds ripen into flower—we saw the dark and sombre-looking grape vines put forth their ruddy buds, the daffodils, narcissi and iris burst into blossom.

Rome is the city of flowers. The squares and market-places were piled high with them when we arrived—flowers of all kinds and colors. Men and women trundled them about the streets in push carts, and small boys and girls thrust sweet violets into our faces. The ruins of the Forum took a warm tone from the wild flowers growing in its crevices and clambering up its walls. What a beautiful sight when the tall columns threw their slender shadows across the sun-kissed court!

The country round about was not so interesting (except, of course, historically and architecturally) but the motor trip to Florence was so filled with beauty that we were quite overcome.

Fancy quaint old mediaeval towns—the streets so narrow that scarce a ray of sunshine can penetrate them—and, just beyond, orchards of blossoming fruit trees, dashing streams and cool, still pools. One huge forest of evergreen trees was carpeted with rose-colored cyclamen, yellow primroses and purple violets—so closely were these flowers growing that they resembled an intricately designed mosaic pattern. Up and down, round and round the mountains—exquisite views displayed at every turn—then, on a hill, in the midst of the Umbrian Mountains, Perugia came into view!

On all sides—hills, blossom-covered, undulating valleys, green and fertile—and high, stern, forbidding mountains! Finally, reaching Perugia, the view below and beyond was enthralling. The road wound over the hills and through the valleys like floating ribbons—tiny hamlets, their tiled roofs gleaming red and green, almost hidden in a wealth of bloom—here and there a charming cream stucco building with its walled garden of palms and blossoming plants—walled towns or lonely towers perched upon the seemingly inaccessible mountain tops. I think nowhere have I seen greater contrasts in the scenery.

Assisi was interesting but grim—one could quite understand why St. Francis became an ascetic.

What a beautiful trip from Perugia to Florence! The valleys were well-irrigated and many of them had little streams, on each side of which grew pollarded elms, over which the grape vines were trained. Sometimes the vines crossed and recrossed from tree to tree, making of the little stream a long, narrow, shaded pergola. Here we saw the first red lupin—acres and acres of it under cultivation, just as the yellow lupin is cultivated in Germany. An entrancing sight it was—these spikes of blood-red flowers standing erect above the fresh green foliage. The lupin is used here as clover is used in England and America, except that the seeds are also used as food for the very poor. The hillsides were terraced, grape-vines, flowers and vegetables covering them—usually with a villa or farmer's house near the top with fruit trees in front, tall cedars behind, snow-capped mountains, with their sun-kissed peaks beyond. Past blue lakes, dotted with islands and bordered with reeds, we traveled, over dashing streams and through low-lying fields, with always the mountains above and around us.

How wonderful these roads are—indeed, it seems that all the roads of southern Italy are wretched and very nearly all the roads of northern Italy are excellent. How the lanes and wagon roads leading off the main thoroughfares intrigued us! Oh, for a sensible horse, suitable riding clothes and good sturdy boots! A stream to ford here, and a steep hill to climb there! But one cannot have everything and I was so content in what I could enjoy; my regret was only momentary.

Ah, Florence, beauteous Florence! What a pleasure to wander about your narrow, winding streets and to enter your quaint shops; to linger in your old cathedral courtyards, gay with sunshine and bright flowers! And then the exquisite environs; the low-lying hills, dotted with palms; the villas, their high walls covered with golden mimosa—and blue wistaria (is there anything more beautiful than this combination of color?); sometimes, luckily, an open gate through which one might glimpse a formal garden, bright with iris, tulips, wallflowers, etc., a pergola of wistaria, its drooping panicles almost touching tables and chairs beneath, a scarf of gleaming yellow, or royal purple or scarlet or blue, books and tea service. The home-life of Florence, I think, must be delightful.

But no joy can last forever—each must be succeeded by other joys—and so we wandered on toward Venice.

Although we left in glorious sunshine the sky soon became overcast and a heavy Scotch mist began to enclose us as we climbed the Appenines. When we reached the top we could not see the valley below us, though our road was on the very edge of the precipice; but a strange thing happened as we stopped the car. The sun struggled through the clouds for a brief moment and the hill opposite was bathed in light, the primroses and violets looked like splashes of sunshine with purple shadows thrown across—and it looked like a fairy island rising from the sea, for all else was enveloped in mist.

Twisting down the Appenines to Bologna the fog disappeared and we saw that almost every mountain top was crested by a castle, a fortress or a cross. Con-

sidering beauty alone, there is not much to tempt one to linger in Bologna. Our day there was a wet and gloomy one, and the following day we motored through miles and miles of grape vines to Padua.

How cheerful and inviting the little town looked when we arrived—cold and hungry—what a contrast to grim, dark, uninviting Bologna! The Madonna dell-'Arena was like a beautiful delicate miniature and the garden was its jeweled frame. Yellow roses clambered over the walls; the larch was the color of the setting sun; iris, pansies, stock, wallflower and forget-me-nots added their bits of color.

Through the rain we traveled to Venice by way of Ferrara and Padua, and in the rain we arrived. Had I not known Venice it would have been a depressing sight! Indeed, Venice—"the Queen of the Adriatic"—looked sadly bedraggled. But the setting sun managed to struggle through its wall of clouds, as we looked from our hotel window, and touched the domes and spires with a hopeful glow.

How beautiful Venice is in sunlight or moonlight! Is there blueness anywhere to compare with it? How charmingly the old cream colored palaces, the spires and domes, the towers and courtyards, the bridges and lagoons melt into a bewitching unity! But soon one misses the restful green and the fascination of growing flowers. One feels restricted, isolated—as if one were in a small valley surrounded by high mountains.

We were happy to see the flowers, the trees, the changing scenery when we left Venice. Our motor trip was ended; the steam horse would hereafter take us on our journeyings.

Through Padua, Vicenza, Verona we sped—again on a rainy day—past fields of rice—through little villages, each with its palace and churches—always, always, always through vineyards! The railway banks were gay with flowers—white daisies, creeping pink phlox, primroses and lupins—the irrigating ditches were bordered with great patches of forget-me-nots, pink fringed orchis, yellow iris and purple violets—everywhere masses of color! Through Milan—very prosaic and unbeautiful it looked.

Then the landscape changed. Arona, a broad river, came into view beyond which were high mountains, terraced almost to the top with vineyards, small houses, villas and palaces scattered about the slopes, surrounded by iron fences, stone walls or hedges of blooming hawthorn or evergreen. As we were leaving Italy we recalled that the grape-vine had been our fellow-traveler all the way from Naples—for seven weeks we had watched it—had watched the buds form on the black vine, burst out, all rosy, and finally the fresh green leaves emerge and the delicate tendrils groping for a new place to cling.

Noisy streams and cataracts danced down the mountain sides, brilliant with azaleas, bougainvilleas, magnolias, rhododendrons and almond blossoms—palms and cypress and ferns supplying the needed contrast; above, the brown mountains with the snow-capped peaks. Up, up, up the mountains to Duodossola, where we began the descent. The next morning found us in Paris, which we had left three months earlier.

What a change in Paris! When we left there in February, she had given us the promise of Spring; we returned for its fulfilment. Our rooms overlooked the Champs Elysees. The chestnut trees, in February hung with red tassels, were now covered with rose and white blossoms; the white hawthorn and red may were gay with bloom and sweet with fragrance—the fruit trees were just scattering their delicate petals and the tiny green fruit beginning to show. Children trundled their hoops through the parks or played in the sand-piles; the street corners were occupied by barrows bright with flowers and growing plants. How beautiful the Bois, how charming the restaurants with their tables spread out-of-doors under gaily decorated umbrellas, with blooming plants all about! How delightful my motor trips through the Forest of Fontainebleu to Versailles, both in sunshine and in rain—how peaceful those shaded roads, how conducive to contemplation! How fascinating the race-courses, with their fine delicate horses parading up and down or straining every nerve to reach the winning post. How gorgeous the people—if it chanced to be a fine, sunny day—the women in their best and latest garments, parading up and down, recognizing as well as the race horses do, that they are being admired! And how infinitely beautiful the race-course itself, the inner circle so cool and green, the broad open country as its background—fields and forests, hills and blooming trees. Nearly a month in Paris where we saw Spring well into Summer, then away to England!

For four months we had followed the Spring—it was a rare and beautiful experience—but fancy our surprise to find in England the fruit-trees still in bloom, the hawthorn hedges still offering us their beauty and their fragrance, the lilac and laburnum still in bloom!

Where is motoring such a joy as in England? I truly do not know. How rare is a straight road where one can see more than a few miles ahead? The roads here have all the fascination of the unexplored. They twist and turn and I find myself always wondering "What is around this turn?" or "What is over this hill-top?" or "What is just beyond this road?" How fortunate that we cannot always tell, though motoring here has few disappointments! How fascinating to look through the iron grills of an historic estate, see the lawns like well-swept velvet carpets, the roses and the lilies in stately rows, the dignified doors of the palace or castle, the turrets and part of the rambling old mansion grown mellow with age! On the other hand—for the spirit of contrast always enters in—one is depressed by the sordidness of the villages, which usually belong to the lord of the manor, by the expression of the villagers, their hopelessness and resignation.

As we have motored here and there, to Oxford, to Cambridge, to Stratford on Avon, to the cities of the Solent, all the way from Portsmouth to Weymouth, through the Hardy country in Wessex, through the Cathedral country, Winchester, Hereford, Lincoln, Wells, Glastonbury, Salisbury, Exeter, Ely, Peterborough, Chester, Chichester, Fountains Abbey, etc., our thoughts have wandered far.

Always I have felt the lure of the English country side. I truly believe there is no people who love the country as the English do—it is only the stress of economic conditions that has driven the English people to the cities. On holidays the cities are almost deserted. Whenever Parliament is not sitting, London seems deserted. Even the poor pour out of London every bank holiday and every other day that business and circumstances permit. Look at the English country house—gay with riotous flowers, covered with climbing roses—even the little mining villages are pathetic in their efforts to make flowers grow where flowers *cannot grow*. Most of the miners' cottages have anaemic look-

ing plants in their windows, begging for the sunshine which cannot penetrate the black pall of smoke and coal dust which envelopes the neighborhood.

What happy places the old abbeys must have been in their hey-day. Today, among the ruins, one can envisage the broad spreading oaks under which the villagers must have sat and smoked with their cronies after a hard day's work. One may see the remains of the kitchen garden or the flower garden; one may wander in the ruins of the sunny cloisters, their long shadows thrown across the green sward, and one may imagine what the old monks thought as they paced meditatively back and forth; one may, perhaps, think their thoughts as one hears the chanting from the Abbey close by. Did they, perchance, think that they worshiped better in the glorious out-of-doors than in the dark and gloomy Abbey? I think it, always, when I slip from the cold cathedrals into the beautiful cloisters and courtyards. There we can pursue our own form of worship—and isn't any beautiful thought, and delight in sun and rain, in beauty and harmony the highest worship? Ah, but the abbeys and cathedrals of those days were not only places of worship; they were places of amusement and interest and study for the people. Fancy the people, grown and children of those days, dancing on that smooth floor, now dotted with tablets and covered with chairs; fancy the young man meeting his love in the shelter of one of the huge columns and doing all the courting there, from the beginning to the marriage, in the same environment; fancy the old women knitting and gossiping, the children having their noisy games—not too noisy, for there must be students reading in the quiet corners. Fancy the monks, less as priests than as fathers, wandering among this motley crowd; a word here, a question there, a joke now and then! What need then for town halls, lecture rooms, bar rooms? All the work and pleasures of the community must have been carried on within these walls! Ah, the ruins, some of them rebuilt, some of them overgrown with ivy, are still beautiful and the traditions make them interesting. History and tradition should go ever hand in hand. The traditions, the people make themselves; their history is often made by their rulers.

From calm and beautiful England it was a long (though quick) step into Wales. What variety in the scenery here! Through fertile fields into quiet valleys where the streams gurgled over rocky beds, where the fishermen were casting for the lazy trout; then, in a moment, starting the ascent of high mountains, their bases luscious green, their upper slopes "a garden of purple and gold delight" (heather and broom in full bloom, dancing cataracts here and there) their tops naught but huge rocks and chasms—the only verdure, scattered pines or unblooming gorse. Then to descend on the opposite side to find ourselves amongst drear and unpoetic slate quarries, or coal mines; to see the hopeless looking houses of the miners, or the miners themselves, squatting stoically on their haunches chatting with their fellow-workers or playing some game of chance; the women exchanging confidences with their neighbors across the fences; the children playing about or sitting upon the door-steps, their little wizened too-old faces looking as hopeless as their parents'. Fortunately the next turn probably brought us to a charming hamlet, where all was fresh and green—or to a flower-banked ravine. Once we reached the sea-shore and all these sordid scenes seemed washed away in the briny tears of the ocean.

To what can one compare Wales? A tiny country not larger than almost any American state with greater variety of scenery than in any other country many times its size! In places, certainly as wild and rugged as our own Rocky Mountains; in parts very like our Berkshires; like the Swiss Alps; in other places, severe and quiet like a New England village!

We returned to England and watched the fruit-blossoms fall, watched the ugly green fruit emerge, watched the fruit ripen and saw it picked and packed for marketing—luscious red cherries, purple plums, rosy-cheeked or golden apples. We watched bloom succeed bloom in the gardens and parks, from tulip and daffodil to dahlia and chrysanthemum. We saw the leaves commence to fall, until now only the sturdier ones are clinging to the trees. We saw the swans swimming lazily up the river and the birds disappear, flock by flock.

We have been here for five months. We have seen the Spring ripen into summer and the summer fade into late Autumn.

And now it is November and we feel that "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." But wait, "hope ever springs eternal!" Great clumps of dahlias still make the parks brilliant, asters and chrysanthemums are still blooming on and, a few weeks ago, when the berries hung dry on the mountain ash, the trees seemed to be covered with a white mist. Closer observation showed us that white blossoms were coming out on the almost leafless branches. And only a few days ago the iris along the river banks in the park came into their second blooming. Brave roses are still holding high their proud heads.

This morning the landscape was a shadowy gray mist except where pierced by the morning sun, which threw an ever-widening golden shaft across the river. The tugs and freight-boats looked like spectres, except the one which lay in the path of the sun. The shadow of the tall tower opposite was thrown across the river and just touched this shore.

The golden beams lingered on my breakfast table and turned the cream walls of my room to rich warm yellow. The white lilacs in a bowl close by seemed irridescent; I could detect faint tones of pink and blue and mauve. A deep rose cyclamen is growing in a pot near by and its blossoms seemed like flaming tongues.

Below me in the Embankment Garden a rough ill-clad man staggers along beneath the burden of a huge basket of yellow chrysanthemums—the only gleam of color, without my room, except this narrow shaft of sunlight.

But the shaft grows wider and ever wider until it envelopes sky, river and land in a golden glory.

At the very moment a huge crowd is waiting on the Embankment to see the Lord Mayor's Parade, but even this cannot distract me from the poetic beauty of the scene, for the mists still hang lightly over the river and turn the noble buildings of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey and Westminster Bridge into mystic things that almost seem to be created out of my own fancies.

Before the last leaf is gone, we shall be in a sunny clime, again chasing the spring. H. S. N.

A Note on Things and Ideals[1]

"I think it is clear," writes Professor Gilbert Murray in Religio Grammatici, "that in any great literature there is a soul which lives and a body which perishes; and further, since the soul cannot ever be found naked without any body, it is making for itself all the time new bodies, changing with the times."

The saying is profoundly illustrated by religious literature. Every fragment of the ancient literature of religion is "a little soul carrying a corpse," and every fragment of the modern literature of religion is a little body carrying a soul. "Things and Ideals" belongs, I believe, to the modern literature of religion, and the author to that noble company of men who fashion anew a body for the ongoing soul. The book is deeply informed with the needs and hopes of our current life; it suggests a few of the dangers that disturb us, points out a path or two for our feet, attacks some of our foes, closes with a heartening challenge, and is plainly the work of a thoughtful and sympathetic spirit. And if this work should rouse anger in the breasts of those who worship the discarded shells of man's soul, we shall still regard it as a part of the loftiest activity open to the children of light.

Like all similar products the book rises out of an emergency of the times. The emergency has two aspects; it is both personal and cosmic. The predicament of philosophy and the predicament of the world combine to form the body of the book. This Madison philosopher holds that the ancient task of the men of thought is beyond them. He thinks that the vast accumulation of knowledge and experience that has piled up in modern days is past any synthesis such as the older men dreamed of and essayed. No man aware of the ramifications of one science dare assert his familiarity with all of its essentials. How then shall any man obtain a mastery of the essentials of *all* the sciences and proceed to project for us the final truth about the universe, the total vision of things? Therefore, says Dr. Otto, the philosopher must find a new outlet for his energies or cease to exist.

Now this is somewhat new and startling, and it is not surprising that many philosophers disagree with our author and insist that they are able to do what he makes out to be impossible. There are always a number of men in every field who are slow to wake up to the solid realities that face them. We have such men with us in the religious field. Many religious men still think they are able to tune in with the Almighty by a deft adjustment of their crystal sets. And there are yet philosophers who declare themselves able to catch the whisperings of the Absolute on their more elaborate outfits. Yet if we grant that the thinker must renounce his age-old quest for finality, and can no longer hope to build his bungalow on the rocks of the Ultimate, what then shall he do? He is like a man who has been taught a trade that has vanished. Well, he can teach the glowing romances of the past if he have a mind for such work—he can give us a sort of ancient history of thought. But what of the present hour and the coming days? Has he no word that leadeth into life? Perhaps! For there is something that remains as philosophic as the search into the cosmic mystery, and that something is the business of telling us what to "our more or less dumb sense—life honestly and deeply means." The philosopher may study the mundane life of man and suggest finer ways of living, or to use Dr. Otto's own words, "he may be a prophet of an appealing possibility, rather than a judge of ultimate truth."

Thus in the hour of disillusion the thinker is presented with an opportunity. All is not well with the world. The current practice has led us into the grim jaws of defeat and unhappiness. Anyone with eyes can see the mess we are in, and every sensitive ear can hear the groans of suffering multitudes. Many of us are aware that we have been badly generalled. We were told that the victory over nature would bring in the millenium, and we forgot that milleniums are moral as well as physical trophies. We were told of a land that was fairer than our day where all our hopes would be realized, and we have descended into hell and see no way of escaping past the dog on guard at the gate. Our old set of beliefs have burst asunder under the strain of the traffic of life as roadbeds give way under the wheels of trains too heavy for them to bear, but none of us know how to build up the roadbed again, and some say that the traffic is doomed. Here then is the philosopher's opportunity. He can come among us with a word of light and leading. Nor would this be entirely outside his province for he has been trained in ways that help him to answer such an opportunity. He has been disciplined to think in terms of the world and to think clearly and impartially. Moreover, he knows and can guard against that inveterate habit of all human minds, the habit of building up world-views on few and fragile facts, and best of all he has achieved some freedom from prejudice. Hence these and like things suggest him as a logical candidate for the post of social physician, and the breakdown of his esoteric trade may incite him to offer himself for the job.

When our philosopher broods over the human universe he finds that it is made up of Things and Ideals. Some men deny the reality of Ideals and champion Things, and other men deny the reality of Things and champion Ideals, but our author is persuaded of the reality of both. He thinks that both are at home in the world and must characterize it so long as man shall exist. The world gives birth to ideals as naturally as it gives birth to soils and stars, animals and children. Things, may, of course, be prior to ideals in point of time, and ideals may be limited to one class of the mixtures Things have chanced to form, but logically Ideals are prior to Things and their limits unknown. A daisy in the meadow is real enough even though the astronomer may descry no daisies in the sun, and a boy's ambition is real enough even though all boys must one day disappear. Every man is born into a world mixed up in this way. His behavior occurs among things that have been shaped by Ideals, and is, itself, something under the sway of both Things and Ideals.

Perhaps I ought to try to say more definitely what I think our author means by Things and Ideals. There is a tendency to treat Ideals as if they were different in substance from Things, made of a rarer stuff, so rare and different, indeed, that they can scarcely be got to abide on earth. The danger of that tendency is well stated by John Dewey. If it goes unchecked, "an ideal becomes synonymous for whatever is inspiring—and impossible." It hardens into "some high far-away object. It is so elevated and so distant that it does not belong

1 "Things and Ideals"—M. C. Otto.

to the world or to experience."[2] It started in the world and belongs to experience in the beginning but has, so to speak, gone up on high, useless forever. Ideals in reality belong with Things and are of the same stuff as Things, and are unknown and impossible of realization apart from Things. I sometimes put it this way: Things are ideals actualized, Ideals are Things being actualized. Perhaps I might phrase it differently and say: Things are Ideals at rest, Ideals are Things in action. Of course, we have to qualify here, we have to remember that the movement in Things we talk of is a movement driven by human desire informed by intelligence and that the word Ideal is just an abstract, handy way of saying that human beings are trying to mould a world somewhat to their desire. All Ideals are born out of discontent with Things as they are and grow because men believe that Things may be as they want them to be. The word Thing is a name given to stuff when we sum up what we know about it, and the word Ideal is a name given to stuff when we proceed to do something with it. I know that this is a rough and ready way of talking about this question, but it may serve. An Ideal, then, is something someone thinks ought to be and intends shall be; and to hold an ideal means to be a normal human person doing *something* with Things in order to get *somewhere* with Things. Every end that a man holds up and for which he labors and sacrifices is an ideal. "It marks something wanted, rather than something existing, something that is wanted because existence as it *now* is does not furnish it."[3] Hence, if the God of popular theology exists, he is a Thing; if he does not exist, but some try to make him exist, he is an Ideal.

You can see, therefore, that all men are idealists, and that all ideals are earthly and temporal things. But that is not the end of the matter. Men have usually been much confused over the problem of ideals and very often have limited the term ideal, as was suggested, to one class of ideals, and then insisted that these favored ideals were in some way specially sponsored by the Cosmos. Now this procedure simply left us without any ideals at all. I do not mean that such was the thought of those who made the classification and assertion, but that their action leads to this conclusion. A lot of ideals were ruled out and the rest were supposed to be in the guardianship of God, or eternally existent in a supernal world, and so none of them were really ours. Yet if we remedy this confusion we must not fall into another—we must not fail to observe the wide contrasts between ideals. Dr. Otto insists that the possessive ideals and the functional ideals are two species of one genus and that the difference between them is a difference in the kind of ideals set forth, but he also insists that this difference is a mighty one. The possessive idealist is a man who organizes his life around the desire to possess; the functional idealist is a man who organizes his life around the desire to function. The first seeks an accumulation of goods and power primarily, the second seeks the most liveable and creative life primarily, and between them there is a great gulf fixed.

The possessive idealist is the most brilliant and clever idealist among us. He does unheard of things. "His aims," as John Dewey aptly puts it, "are low, but he knows the means by which they are to be executed." Not only so, but such men are masters of the art of camouflage. They say that they accept things as they are and must make the best of them as they are, but actually they do nothing of the kind. They denounce any idealism that looks as if it might threaten their idealism or destroy the conditions by which they profit, but they proceed with their own hard, realistic and daring projects.

"Who consumes more energy than the possessive idealist in trying to change the world?" asks Dr. Otto. "Everything is constantly being molded and fashioned by those who announce as the quintessence of wisdom that you've got to accept things as they are. By the great possessive Idealists no scheme is thought too vast, too costly, too hazardous, too Utopian, if it gives promise of changing the world in the direction of their ideal. The desire to change is the very breath of their nostrils."

Their outcry against the idealist and their claim of being practical men is just a cover for their extensive pocket-picking practices.

Let me give you one illustration of the working of this idealism. In China, the manufacturing machinery of Europe has been established. In one great city there is a match factory in which 1,100 boys from nine to fifteen years of age work from four in the morning till six-thirty in the evening. They are constantly exposed to the phosphorus fumes, and the result is that eighty of them have to go to the hospital every day, and some of them have the bones of their faces decaying from the phosphorus fumes. Thousands of girls work in the Chinese textile mills thirteen hours a day, with no rest day in the week. Women work there all night with their babies strapped on their backs or laid to rest among the machinery. There are no guards on the machinery and no compensation is paid for death or maiming. And the immense profit earned by the cheap labor finds its way into the pockets of a few wealthy Chinese, British, and American individuals.[4] This may be an extreme case, but it shows what the possessive ideal can do and how relentlessly it pursues its goal. For other illustrations, I must refer you to the general conduct of the world. I suggest that here in America we should organize a group dominated by the opposing type of ideals, a group which should tirelessly operate until it changed this state of affairs, until it subdued the passion for possessing to its proper dimensions, and enthroned a better.

For there is a better. There is that more familiar though less powerful group of ideals which cluster about persons and emphasize the good life. The men who seek to promote these ideals we might call the IDEAL idealists. They know the deceptive character of the possessive ideal and realize that a new or better idealism must control us or ruin is certain. What they want is the most alive life, the most happy, active existence, a span of joyous expression open to all men. They desire, therefore, to create a new world, and not to possess the old one.

These persons are to be found everywhere, and though they are relatively few in number, were they suddenly to despair and join the majority a great winter would settle down on mankind.

Yet their strength is sapped in many ways. The task is so big, the plans are so conflicting, the record of other failures so unmistakable that they often falter and lose heart. Moreover, they hear doctrines preached with great unction on every side—doctrines about the wickedness of human nature, doctrines to the effect that might is right, doctrines that declare that ideals are mirages and men machines—and the impact of

2 "Human Nature and Conduct"—John Dewey.

3 "Ibid."

4 "A Short History of International Intercourse"—C. Delisle Burns.

these doctrines slows them up. And high above all is the pernicious belief that their ideals are not meant to be actualized on earth at all but hang eternal in the heavens, or are the thoughts of some Cosmic Energy that makes for righteousness. Thus in one way or another are these men relieved of responsibility connected with their idealism.

Such persons might learn a lesson from the possessive Idealists. These men are ready to take a chance. They do not bother about Cosmic Support for their ideals, and, as far as the life to come is concerned, they are ready to jump that if there is a hope of success in this. Consequently, they run the earth. Cotton, for instance, grows now-a-days in the Sudan, one of the last places where it might be expected to grow. Great tracts of land have been placed under cultivation, immense irrigation works have been carried out, vast fortunes have been hazarded, uncertain political conditions have been risked—all for the sake of reaping a reward in this world. But none of the adventurers stopped to enquire whether the Cosmos was secretly or openly biased in favor of cotton growing in the Sudan, nor whether God would provide plenty of cotton and markets in heaven should the project turn out to be a failure. Yet something after this fashion is sought by most of the nobler class of idealists. The force of their drive has been neutralized by the thought of the hazards involved, and the dream that after all what they sought was secured to them in heaven. It is, hence, as our author suggests, a constructive social suggestion that we endeavor to give up this reliance on some force within or behind the fleeting aspect of nature and acknowledge ourselves to be adrift in infinite space on our little earth, the sole custodians of our ideals.

Those of you who have read the book will think of many more things that crowd its pages, and of how much better the author sets out his argument. Three things have interested us this morning: the frank attempt to redefine philosophy as a way of life; the fresh discussion about Ideals; and the suggestion that we must accept responsibility for the actualization of our aspirations. Here may the modern thinker and the modern preacher meet on common ground and work in harmony. For what Dr. Otto suggests that philosophers should do, some modern preachers insist that Religion must attempt. Some of these man say that religion always was and always will be a way of life, that beneath all elaborate structures of theology has burned the questing heart of man, that these structures, indeed, are but old ways by which man sought the life he craved. Others of these men say that though religion was not in the past a way of life it shall be so in the future. They will make it mean a way of life, they will have it so. They intend to take these churches, endowments, seminaries, whatnot, and transform them into vast engines of social health and happiness. They scheme to conscript all religious things and to use them in this new warfare for the Good Life. And—I warn you—if they are not permitted so to do, then they will wreck these institutions, wreck them by the very intensity with which they oppose their present meanings, and leave them dead and futile remnants of an outworn age.

Once again—these men accept the challenge laid down in the book, that we should sponsor our own causes and bring true the human dream. You find them standing forth and saying that man is an earth child who must work out his salvation by whatever understanding and sympathy he may possess. You discover with a thrill that, equipped only with human reserves and resources, they are ready to accept the challenge Nature and Time outline. Some of this band gave up long ago all thought of Cosmic backing for the human endeavor, all hope of help from ancient Gods. They ask nothing from the heavens. Yet they are not defiant. They do not cry in that weak defiance, which is the other side of Cosmic reliance:—

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll;
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

No! for they know that they are not such persons at all, but just ordinary human beings who are persuaded that by the use of a trained common sense and a warm sympathy they may do something that shall go far towards the creating of a better communal life. And they welcome a book like this because it serves to clarify their minds and strengthen their hands.

I believe we should join this band. I believe the church should so define its task. The issue rests eventually with the young men and women who come and go among us. I point out to them that we are all in desperate need of ideals today, programs that will give meaning and verve to life. We badly want ideals that will seize us and use us, that will starve us, beat us, lash us—ideals that will not let us rest, that will haunt us till they stand forth by us, that will take the last ounce of energy, the last flicker of will, the last jerk of the body. And that is why I am talking about this book and religion today. For here, I believe, is the utmost challenge, the most compelling ideal, the largest scope of endeavor—here in this drive to make the earth a beautiful, happy, joyous home for the swarming, driven, beaten children of men. JAMES H. HART.

Madison, Wisconsin.

CORRESPONDENCE

FRANCE AND THE DEBT

Editor of UNITY:

I have read with not a little interest (more, in fact, than France will ever pay on her debt to this country) Mr. Levinson's admirable exposé of the monumental dishonesty that has marked every transaction of those politicians denominated "the government" of this country with those other politicians denominated "the government" of France in the matter of placing this loan and its subsequent history. But it seems to me that he has negleced one factor in the case which, when taken into account, reveals the fact that any discussion of the right or the wrong involved in the disinclination of France to pay this debt will be about as fruitful of results as would an attempt to determine "how old is Ann?"

There can be no two opinions as to the flagrant violation of every rule of honor by our shifty debtor, but there is a much more potent reason why France will never pay this debt than so common a matter as indifference to national obligations. The fact is that if France should in good faith proceed to repay this debt we could not dare accept payment; we could not afford to. (A paradoxical reversal of the interests of debtor and creditor when those parties happen to be nations instead of individuals.)

It must be obvious to any one that the only possible method open to France for the liquidation of this debt is to pay either in goods or in gold. If we should insist that France engrave enough paper with the denomination of *franc* to repay us she would offer no objection to such payment. Now, we are a pro-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FOR A HYMN-TUNE

Creator of the tempest
And Ruler of the sea,
Be Ruler of the stormy heart
I bring this night to Thee.

Oh, lead me up a mountain
Beneath a quiet star,
And let me hear and understand
Thy message from afar.

Then down into the valley
With glad feet will I go,
To quiet other stormy hearts
That rage and break below.

—*Frances Shaw.*

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING

"That the Church of Christ as an institution should not be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war," was the decision of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States at its Conference in Washington, D. C., the past week.

"The abolition of military armaments by all nations except for an internal police force," was also adopted as a goal the same afternoon by a decisive majority. Secretary Wilbur had given an address on the work of the Navy earlier in the same session in which this position was reached.

This advanced stand was not taken without sharp opposition. "It will get us into endless trouble," said one delegate. "Then it is our business to get into trouble," was the solemn retort of the next speaker.

"Every one of us would support the Government in another war," said a clergyman, but cries of "No! No!" came from the audience.

"The part of my library of which I do not like to think is that containing my war sermons," was the confession of one minister.

A war chaplain declared, "The Church should no more be the agent of a nation

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Another Christmas Suggestion

John Haynes Holmes in "Patriotism Is Not Enough" attacks "stand-patism" and "normalcy," brands as "propaganda" the teaching of patriotism as it is now conducted in schools and colleges alike, and describes our common-school histories as being one-sided and provincial. He accompanies his destructive criticism with a constructive program of betterment.

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tectionist nation, and there is not an industry carried on in this country that does not have protection or is not trying to get it if still without it. We must all be protected against the cheap labor of Europe. Already our "statesmen" are bewailing the fact of our extravagant "over production" as the cause of all our economic grief. These statements being facts of general knowledge, it would be interesting to know just what sort of goods we could afford to receive from France in payment of this debt; for, surely, if we cannot afford to allow them imported until we have raised their price by means of a protective tariff, imposed expressly for that purpose, to enable the domestic laborer to compete with the foreigner, we could not afford to admit them free of any charge whatever, which would be the only method by which this debt could be liquidated in goods.

What would become of a president or a congress that should so far forget the interests of the domestic producer of coal, for example, as to allow thousands, yes, millions of tons of that commodity to be dumped upon our market without cost? The same of steel, or toys, or cabbage. What, indeed, could France possibly turn over to us in payment of this debt that we are not now producing in such abundance that we are unable to absorb sufficient to keep all our own labor employed?

What then? Shall France pay in gold? But she has not the gold; and the only possible means she has of getting the gold is to sell us more goods than she buys of us, thus accumulating a reserve of gold from which she could draw to make payment. But have we never heard of that sacred "favorable balance of trade" which we must secure, and which is to be built up only by our selling *her* more goods than she sells *us*? In other words, this method of payment resolves itself, upon analysis, into exactly the same thing as payment in goods.

There remains one more expedient for that harassed nation, and only one. She could still undersell us in the markets of the world, secure a favorable balance of trade from other countries, and turn over to us the gold thus secured. But the only possible use we could make of such gold would be to go into those identical markets and buy goods with it instead of paying for such goods with *goods* as otherwise we should do. And I fear for the future of any politician who should countenance such betrayal of American labor as this would involve, for it would be after all merely a roundabout way of flooding our markets with the cheapest imaginable goods, the same as accepting goods directly from France in payment of this debt.

Hence, it appears to me that any discussion of the guilt of France in evading payment of this debt, so long as we ourselves would not allow her to pay it by any means within the power of nations to repay their foreign debts, has slightly less than academic interest, and is of value only as a means of diverting the attention of those parties who really take an interest in such matters from a phase of the question whose examination might possibly yield abundant fruitage to one that must be absolutely barren of fruits so long as the mass of mankind are concerned exclusively with the desirability of being allowed to work rather than of securing the fruits of their labor. For it is not work, in and of itself, that men really crave, even though our whole economic structure is built upon that fallacy. What men really desire is the products of work—its fruit.

T. J. KELLEY.

Marathon, Iowa

than of a political party. It is the agency of God and by its very nature is universal and international."

After voting down a motion to table the whole section and rejecting various amendments offered by the conservative element, the following seven planks on international relations were adopted.

1. The removal of every unjust barrier of trade, color, creed, and race, and the practice of equal justice for all nations.

2. The administration of the property and privileges within each country so that they will be of the greatest benefit not only to that nation but to all the world.

3. Discouragement of all propaganda tending to mislead peoples in their international relations or to create prejudice.

4. The replacement of selfish imperialism by such disinterested treatment of backward nations as to contribute the maximum to the welfare of each nation and of all the world.

5. The abolition of military armaments by all nations except for an internal police force.

6. That the church of Christ as an institution should not be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war.

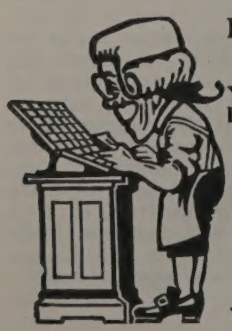
7. A permanent association of the nations for world peace and good-will, the outlawry of war, and the settling of all differences between nations by conference, arbitration, or by an international court.

RESOLUTION GENERAL CONVENTION OF EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The House of Bishops of the General Convention of the Eipscopal Church adopted a resolution calling for the appointment of a commitee of five Bishops "to take under consideration the bearing of the problems of war and peace on our Lord's example and His words on righteousness, justice and peace contained in the Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere in the Gospel."

Universalists Uphold Right of Conscientious Objector

At the hour when the Congregationalists, meeting in Washington, were denying the right of the Government to use their churches as recruiting stations in war time, the Universalists' General Convention, meeting in Syracuse, N. Y., passed, "after long debate," a resolution that the Convention recognize the right of members of the Uinversalist Church to refuse on conscientious grounds to participate in war. The details of the debate have not reached us as we go to press.—*National Council for Prevention of War Bulletin.*



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